

Moplah Lovers - 1

The Fall (in depth)

Self consciousness.

Alas, sweet souls, ye fell! but not so low,
Ah, not so low as we! Abashed are ye,

If her God was all, a separate Self to see;

And, naked, conscious souls, impious to

To hide yourselves for shame! Your fall went

Perpetual sense of I - inherit we:

Our child-souls quit their paradise to be

First in a fallen estate; that day they know

Themselves for entities, with passions, parts:

But 'tis the difference! ye who did dwell

In th light of God, see from what height ye fell,

And shun the recreant Self that filched your heart;

No gracious shame in you; complacent thought

Or proud or pitiful is Ego fraught!

Loved.

I.

Together drawn by God, - drawn with love,
Of souls that else had little common ground
In close community of life are bound:
And sweet the care less for each other prove,
And wise the thought that studies to remove
All stumbling-blocks from paths together trod.
~~Thus~~ is it these souls from daily like God,
Through much forbearance thro' long-suff'ring kind
Through self-repression & the discipline
That born for others, bring the perfect mind.
Yet not full easy to their feet these find
The appointed way; - through loneliness they win,
And bring my cry that some should comprehend,
Familiar, holy walks with Christ, their Friend.

II.

Nature's their be of such true correspondence,
 As several pieces deftly "dovetailed," they
 Once fitted, lock together: nor severance
 In purpose thought or will divides their way,-
 Thenceforth one life, one heart. Our heaven is this!
 A heaven that of the Kingdom asks no bliss:
 What need have I of Thee? The secret voice
 Of hearts that fear Who takes, & but rejoice
 In God the Giver! Ah, kind is the decree
 Yields the condemnation that ordains
 No mutual rest for these, but that they be
 Of the Divides severed, till remains
 No image-making self: then - one in One -
 Their two-fold heart shall test His fulness, prove

My lusts of self. Then, ~~for~~^{sweetest fruit},
 Full at once I depart unto the flame of love.

12953cm610

In the Light.

How fair thou art, O soul! how still a grace
Mantles thy face!

What pure, cool chambers do thine eyes reveal?
Where dwells in thee some luminous mystery?
As yon dull orb that yet so shines to thee,
I do but stand

In the Light.

What seest thou, O soul, where thou dost stand?

A shifting sand
Where vile things stir and live - pride, envy, strife,
Malice and anger, all that preys on love -
Lo, this within me doth the light reprove!

Yet, fair I stand

In the Light.

O soul, poor soul, how bearest thou such sight?

How sad a plight!

Aye, sad, but there is help beside the pain;
Help in a word; I do but say to me,
'Lord, I am vile!' and lo, the ill is gone! -

Blameless I stand

In the Light.

Seest thou no more? I see a ~~foe~~, who stands
 With ~~terried~~^{redoubtless} bands
 Surrounding me, and from his hand each hurl^{s.}
 A poison'd dart. Poor soul, how 'scapest thou?
 On bears a shield: no death shall it allow
 To reach who stand^{to} in the Light.ⁱⁿ

This the whole cheer, poor soul, light brings to thee!
 Nay, One I see-
 In heaven, in earth, but One: none may rehearse
 Nor any comprehend, save them who see,
 The healing of the Vision: He shines on me-
 Wherefor I stand^{to} in the Light!

Hast any more to tell? I see the way:
 Th' obvious way

My feet must tread mark'd out - all fair for men:
 A path I ne'er had found, nor finding, kept,
 Save for the Day: in the past-night I slept-
 But now do walk
 In the Light.

12 p.m. Oct 10

And more - I see all souls about me shine:

In Light divine

Fair do they glow; the Light hath shined on all
Though not all know, and, ah, this heart w^t thou
The arms of brotherhood round all, that so
~~we cannot stand~~

(know) we

In the Light!

O soul, help me! I too would feel his beam.
But ah, I seem

Too vile to meet the Day! Brother, even now
He shines on thee: thy very fear doth prove
The darkness vanish'd; - who confess and love

Are they who stand

In the Light!

12 p 56 cm 10

Or, a Face-painted by Guido.

A face to stir

The painfuller pulses of a common nature,
Given as on strangely, utterly degraded
Watkins the sleeping brother in the breast
Of chance beholder. In that lower face
All downward drawings triumph; to purpose
Our that mouth never was set; In good as ill;
No effort to lead life to any issue
Has left its former links: too poor a soul
To see the good, too slow a will to grasp -
The flesh, a strong man arm'd, has violent cuts!
But carry up your face - The face is living! -
A life more obvious in its functions, quick
~~and tried~~ ^{and} than 'bodied being knows: th' eye,
Premised with amaze, discerns a change,
The change of death! - the old self passes forth
Still and unmark'd as dying night steals out.
Before the day, the face that erst so pained
Furnishes from the eyes that we old recal,
That poor soul goes, & a new life, received

12 p 59 cm 10

Down through her eyes so insatiate in their gaze,
With quicken her! And I, with what-a power!
What depth of abnegation, height of praise,
Peach of discerning thoughts, adoring love,
What power to do or bear his utmost will
In suffering or in service, speaks in those eyes!

My Lady's Hand -

Let other covers tell of eyes,
 Of ey. lids on you rising,
 Unveiling eyes that gleam as stars -
 My Lady's hand will I sing!

So fair a hand, so whit a hand,
 Yet scarred in this its beauty,
 So clear a hand, so delft-a hand
 Do all my Lady's duty!

Could it once do an awkwardness,
 I know 'twould fall a blushing!
 Methinks I see the hainty palm
 Round finger-tips, all flushing.

A busy hand my Lady owns.
 Bravely she saws and hammers,
 Thinks it half pity not to live
 By her own doughty labours!

The Dons would call it psychical,
 This hand so soft and tender,
 With the fair, smooth, unforow'd palm,
 The fingers fine and slender,

And finger-tips right delicate,
 Long, taper, softly rounded:-
 Ah, such rare hands, they say, must e'er
 To minds as rare be bounded.

Of feeling, pure and grand, they tell,
 Will, simple, meet, unfetter'd,
 And knowledge clear, to read off life
 As from a page fair-letter'd.

O worthy Dons! O wisest Dons!
 Say, have ye known my Lady?
 Ay, surely, at no other shrine
 This praise, all her due, paid ye!
 But know ye all the softings gift
 That lodges in her eyes,

12 Feb 1860

"The Kingdom of heaven is
within you."

* * * * *

Jealous are we, with jealousy unreasoning,
Over their joys:

For their gain, sadly bear
Unbidden loss.

With Him - in Him - there all the promises end;
ourselves not Christ, do banish our sweet friends

From the dear kingdom where we seat our dead
Is of the world;

The heaven of Christ is ruled
By other laws:

Not - cumbrous clay in circumstance place
But - ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~embattled~~ vision of his face.

Death opens not - heaven's gate; for long ago
Born as the King
Shows in upon the soul
Did heaven begin:

A blessed state, a lifting up for ever;
Not some far seats when ~~under~~ ⁱⁿ bodily cover.

Our fuller consummations are there yet.

To this full bliss:-

Our holy Dead have reached

The second life:

When pure eyes see the King in beauty fresh,
And ~~each~~ ^{each} service bears no clay of flesh.

"Ye shall go before your brethren and
help them, until the Lord have given
your brethren rest."

O the dear world, sweet-life, carnal joy!
How give them up?
Though all be sin-despised,
When find we else

The promise we believe our longings hold,
What work for us in any other fold?

All bright may glow the joys of other spheres,
But this, our home!
And would we barter it
For any gain,

Poorer, less constant, had our substance grown:
Jesus is separate joy, we ~~are~~ ^{have} not our own.

Continuance, sure, belongs to higher life;

All fickleness,
All change with death must pass,
And leave us true:

Not a new life, but utmost scope in this,
Perfected being here, ^{with help from above} his hope of bliss!

A life all hid and held in God; we free

In that mid life

To work our will, our will,

All thought divine ^{The Will of God:}

And every act fulfilling its intent.

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Wise Angel

12 p. 62 cm. 10

To children, unto you I write! -
Not strong to overcome or ye,
Faithful to strive, nor wise to flee;
But - your weak coming was in light?
Ye see; though not - your feet. Thought
Can shape the knowledge Light has brought,
Yet - have ye known the Father, long from wisdom's

An older breast - with pity swells
The babe in this rude world bereft -
Of parent-love, - all desolate left!
Uncareful and at-ease he dwells;
He knows, yet knows not - that he know,
A car that bears him as he goes,-
The Father he discerns & smiles all fear amid!

And children, unto you I write!
Ah, not - the shining of his face
Nor enveloping of the Father's grace
Has kept - your garments wholly white.

Poor babes, ye sin - for strong is ill
 And small your might & weak your will,
 Lo quick forgiveness fathers you to his embrace.

Do not on you the burden lies:

A gracious cloud, a tender tear
 Is all ye know of bireling fear;
 Then into joy again ye rise:

E'en while ye sin, are ye forgiven
 For His Name's sake: wherefore in heaven
 Your angels evermore behold your Father's face!

For all wise little ones, ye know
 To take the Off'ring at the door,
 Nor question aught - nor tell the score,
 But enter, free as winds that blow!
 Wherefore, O little ones, I write
 That ye do keep you in the light;
 For loving must ye be, O children of his grace!

"These little ones"

12 p.m. 1860

I sat at my young Son's feet;
Sat low by my sleeping boy,
Much pondering the high-born air he wore,
As of native claim on joy.

Sure not of his Father or me
Was he made man free of the earth; -
~~Wore we a bond~~
Ah, could we walk free! but life is stern -
Knows he a softer birth?

'Great is the mystery,' yea -
How little, O Babe, art thou mine!
A halo surrounds and divides thee
Living Words about their shine!

All faith and bid knowledge thine -
My little one, how can it be?
When singst thou those perfect praises -
The Father, O where dost see? -

Thy Guardian waiteth ever
On the face of our God for light -
O little son, how high thy estate!
Thy Mother alas! her sight

12 pgs contd

I slept. ^{II.} As in bended to water
A harp, so faire voice to my pain
The Angel in ward; Why thus troubled?
Thy joys state, is't not all fair?

Yea! all my breath is thanksgiving
This heart lives in song for the grace;
Yet at moments a pang, is it envy?
Comes with the light on his face.

To thine Angel-state were it easy
To win fullest thought of the Lord;
Faith to us is the warfare of storms: then
Believe they on Me' His word!

¶ say. ^{how!} These simple, how search they
The mystery of things unseen?
By what art can they know to trust him
Whose Name scarce lips they knew.

Nay, Mother, thy heart best answer,
Is there any in the wide land
So utterly trusts thee and worships
So keeps eth him in thine hand,

12 p 66 cm 10

As the babe who not yet calls sweet
Nor knows any name for his joy? -
Thus, serene in the hand of the King,
The simple soul of thy boy!

~~So, to the child is revealed
The love, the gay freedom and rest,
The confidence, quiet, unspoken
Of them that lie in His breast.~~

~~Be no wiser than he, O mother,
Lit again at the feet of thy boy;
Take as simply, as free, that is given.
So faith shall rise crown'd with joy!~~

12 p.m. chancery

XII

Waigh his estate and thine: accustom'd he
To all sweet-country us-age that obtains.
Where dwells the King. Nay, ^{How} with thy almost pain,
What canst-produce what shall full worthy be;
One, greatest in the kingdom' is with thee,
Whose being yet-wait's on the Father's face.
And, thence replenish'd, flows with constant pac:
Take fearful heed lest he despised be!
Order thy prouys softly, as before
A Prince; nor let thee out, unmannerly,
In thy rude moods and irritable: more,
Beware lest toward him wind of words gave pow,
Reparis thee: see thy speech be sweet & rare:
Thy ways, consider'd: and they count manuful.

To —

12 p.m. Oct 10

A face, — and all the dreariness
That gathers over wretched ways,
~~Yes, sun - dispersed!~~ — A happy heart
With quiet thoughts of peace and praise.

It is enough: hope has no more! —
A long, sweet, breezy tract, that leads
To whither, draws full willing feet,
And heart — That strings to-day, nor needs
A morrow in its lay. That call

To plan and dream of distant good,
When all the bliss that ~~yet~~ may be,
This gentle pleasure doth include, —

To look into thy friend's true eyes,
To know him larger than thou art,
Or, in that freedom of the soul,
With all the weight of life to part?

Sweeter than love, for love would own
Wider measure, hold, with wreaths, confine!
But ah, my friend, I lose thee free,
And would not diary thy life to miss,

1269 contd.

Else were we one: a narrower joy,
An ampler self, th dubious gain:
More blest, two several lives have,
Another being do attain!

And, ah! the rest! to quit the self
Whose weight doth so oppress our state,
And breathe a changed mental air,
At large, and, as a child, elate!

To think with other, juster thoughts,
To see with clearer, kinder eyes,
In each day's cross perplexities
To wait an outer judgment's rise:

Of personal issues, cares, designs,
To step beyond the petty round,
Find centre in another's sphere,
In larger, sweeter, interests bound:
From farrin of contrary minds,
And saddles scorn of all within;
From rivalries and meannesses,
From questionings that are of sin,

12 P.M. Oct 10

To rest into the quiet place
of a serene & holier soul,-
and lay the heart-to rest-therein,
a stay towards the final goal:-

How full the heritage of thought-
This heart, unworthy, entereth on!
I thought that hath reach'd the Father's place
Through meekest following of the Son!

Growing secretly.

217 cmcs.

as whisper, mutter, the dropping of a seed
I heard, and did rejoice:
How apt - a word for my bewilder'd crew
Thou heavenly Voice!

This on fit Word of Wisdom, how shall'd
My way of evil clear!

12 p 72 ch 10

Hay, worse: the sin doth grow: the help is not;
Or is not to be found:
Our seed of highest virtue can but rot,
Lost in the ground!

Then I bethought me how in former days
Like droppings I had heard,
And how in vain I watch'd for faint o'er-pause
To prove the Word!

Then is this comod, grateful as have you rain
To trees whose hands hang down,
But echo of desire? At the plain.
I wept, forlorn.

Have faith: saith One; thou hearest the coming
Till, ripen'd in the ear,
It standid for cutting: take thy sickle straight,
Reaps, then, nor fear!

The harvest shall be thine; and thou shalt see:
The growing of the seed
Is hid: a secret thou shalt leave with me
And trust my speed!

Demonstration of the Decalogue 12 pgs
Yours Odering A Paraphrase

Sayst, 'love is sweet,' young heart,
A natural law, and light?
Thou knowst not love: thy poorer part
The sensible delight-

Affection stirs in nerves and blood,
And, fervent now; - and now, averted, rude.

Holy is love; hedged round
With thorn shall not: but hear
What disabilities do bound
True love; lest it appear
Condemn'd in that thou dost allow,
Thou, willing what love might discern not how.

In word shall thou not love:
All me all dulcet dreams
And "tender morning visions!" when to pray
Himself the god he seems
Thy love lifts fate, that shut him in
From matchless enterprise sweet award to win!
XII. John White

Plainest, 'hard the measure,

Ungracious is the law,
That would ban life's tend'rest pleasure!'

Nay, didst thou never draw

On dream of service, to reprove
Return, too measur'd for unorder'd love? -

No shall thy facile tongue

On love's sacred substance spend

On the sweet tale too frequent sung -

Then question'it, 'to what end?'

Alas, young heart, vows seal the eyes,
And thou mayst pass some hill of sacrifice.

Wouldst know the worth and onus
Of love? Then crav'it to speak?

Appraise alone thy dutious deed,

Or by refraining, meet. -

On further doubt; - dost lay out love
With merchant-thought, return in kind to me?

Nay, but love thou in wrath,

And not for any hope,

But fervently, in loyal worth! -

Though deed should win no scope,

Yet had he love's divinest part -
Who bears another truth in his heart? L

12975 cmc10

Payments.

Our thoughts are for him; his dear wealth the end,
Our cares pursue; wherein shall ears offend,
Oppressless, love, that duty doth intend.

Recal, when sort of law convinced did rise
For baby-trespass to thy startled sight;
How, shamed, the wee transgressor sunk his eyes,
Knowing beyond thy knowledge of the wrong,
And where beneath thy chastisement keep him in
Under the Law as then, that, as he grows.

'The followeth need on course,' the rule he knows
His times & interprets. And law compell'd him then
No drop, nor heedless trespass in his way,
That, stumbling over, his weak knees shall fail,
Offence shall come.' But do not thou betray
His soul to sin. Yet, if without the fall
Of love's sweet usage no banishment accord
For any sake! lest thou malign thy Lord.

12 p 76 canto

I know wher birds, so freighted of their joy
They scarce can fly, do sit and sing & sing
Lab'ring and throbbing to tell out the whole,
O Mother, is my heart! How is the joy
That my bliss comes to many, for the world
Is full of mothers; - and again, sure I
Am blessed amongst women! No, not one
Not even thou, my mother, comprehended -
How heavy were drain'd were many cups so fill'd!

The joy may run ~~for~~ ay, or it exceed
The measure of thy treasure.
Thou hast gotten a man from the Lord.

Therein the grace! the glory! I put the babe
Apost and say, 'I sinful woman!',
'I Lord,' and then the reverent kiss the wee
We hand of me who knows the Father more
Than I;² but not in outer darkness does
My babe his mother leave: strangely though it
(Is not grace to him?) the fatherless life
Of th' Kingdom breaks on me; an infinite
Of loneliness & joy, and Father's care;
of Holiness ~~saints~~ unto the Lord! The blessed air
That souls do breath therein. ^{is on}
Or bane of every thought that not ~~comes~~

As the angels of God, ¹⁸⁷⁰

X As friends they walk,
In other bond they know:
Heav'n teaches us to love
By giving us our own, our birth and kin,
That these, our ampler selves, possess ^{injuring},
And our own flesh us move.

But natures,
Of whose part it is
To emanate love
As suns do give forth light,
No bonds of birth unite.
And family life
Divides yet more,
With its strong bands of flesh and blood,
Its sympathies of way and mood
That oft it is,
A sphere, apart; complete,-
Is yet a sweet
Remedial in its nature, brief in scope!

Wordsworth -

As curious half, & half in reverence, men
 & hark on that man's talk who knows a herb,
 So prophet of a Word express'd, we look
 To the Interpreter. Thou knowest the thoughts
 Tho' much sweet thoughts of Nature's quiet morn,
 Her hoary ways, her sometimes boisterous peaks,
 Diversit' hap a soul that spreads o'er all
 Her various features the dear human charm
 Of countenance. Truly thou know' st her,
 The spirit of the hills and of the vales
 Of falling water & of swelling buds.
 Others regard her from without: exclaim
 Lo here! or there! behold was ever such;
 Thou from within, readist her by her counten'.

And we are glad to know of her formore
 Thine interests. Ye also, pray but say
 To see what he his friend points to our note,
 And I die ever friend talk with more ease
 Of joy of all the good that in his friend
 Is ^{to} him. His eye is quiet in the light
 Of bliss secure, & this he talketh to us,
 His face never wonder from the face he loves,
 And would you know his friends to talk of him
 Then listen! the world fall nature from his topic
 As he talketh on of this and that she does,
 Or looks or seems, mancious he to tell

Sept 11 1810

Any - that she is - it is enough, he knows,
And incommunicable is the joy!
Wherefore no raptures break the flow of his
Still ^{new} stream of bliss; no estacies distract
He who but feels the heart of his fair queen
Is unreported, vey alone ⁱⁿ at each ^{new} charm.
To him who knows her she has no surprise;
But we, to one height his soul is peleted
Of sympathy transcending thought & praise!

That spectre of curious interest
Colmirel, as prodiges esteemed, but not
Discerned - alas! That but - as trees, walking
Men pass before this lees! better ^{it} the Lees
To see the Lees than quicker mountains.
But the flood last touch me long since come ~~been~~.

12/80 circlo

As they are varied guides who most have met
Misfortune themselves, my mother's slips may yet
Strew thy feet, Daughter, places to eschew.
Ah sweet - th' Mother - walk, but perilous!
And flowers do mask th' progress hazardous,
And careless stepping comes to bites rue!
But meet, my daughter, hast thou trembling to see
A man from th' Lord: thy joy hath wholsom pain
Of diffidence; safety's ~~saf~~ pledge, for here,
Danger departs; assurance keeps in fear!
Thy soul doth lie fore heaven as April east,
Waiting th' fall of counsel; nor in vain -
Who hath so placed thee to a blessed birth,
Will not his wisdom's waters thy restraint.

^{hold}
and keep thy soul
and spirit
much glad

12 p.m. June 10

The Word - the express Image! -

Happily a man in his words unwittingly
Casts his true image & talk of every day
Reveals a lesser man than would the thoughts
At home in the same breast; These are not just.
Nor kindly subject-temporal: and one cause
Of grief with the world is that men judge, common
Accept us by our words, which we do know
Or to the intent iniquity, less or more,
In no case a fair measure. Yet the world
Has with her high Ante-torpid, ^{her} way hap-
Pies reason too: her own despite of us
May best express us: for when the natural man
Is disclosed, Thought on parade, for conscience
Or com on in undress, at sudden call?
Him, he, approving half, proposeth himself,
A man, exploring self, finds in his thought:
The world looks on & takes him ^{at her} inadvertent.

In pains of ^{hell} ~~the~~ yet pray, thy will be done!

"I h^t cup my Father livin' - then, poor soul -
Then, then! - couldst hold out hands to take the cup,
Tho' thick the bitterness, couldst drink it up.
The Saviour with this knowledge! Has the sole
His nauseous drop, envenoming the whole
Is that thy cup sure hath in hell been broil'd
So hot with strife and all misrule imbied
So dark and separate the black drops roll;
For what to do with God has scorn of friends,
And variance born of meanings read amiss?
By the sick shun of him who profest his
Unworthy form, for whom love's reverence ends
As days go on? For ~~bring~~ ^{bring} bring to hold tears,
The cup then filled ~~and~~ ^{- bring} and the devil stirs!

And did He choose himself the easier part?
Ah, search His cup, tell out the drops that fill
Let us now the Accuser goes about to kill
How men's reproach & scorn do break His heart
And all His lovers leave! Does think the sun
Glanced from Him, being Good, no Party pains
Like his who throw'd the waiting eyes sent -
The cry of his dread Passions! Hear him plain
How they shot out bold lips in their disdain!
Ah, Christ! that I am older have the ~~not~~ ^{not} -
For thine eternal thoughts & - What heavenly
In this satanic root whereby the Son
Ficerns God's will? Even in worst known way we

Innocence is no problem

For him who thinks his soul a castle, fed
+ sheltered from without; a keep, whence brings he
+ rule or good, as disciplined his will
+ Hath been. In life's affairs, but where he dwells
Alone with himself, impregnable: as he,
Nor helped, nor let, doth make or mar himself,
Is he innocent, unmade, unmarr'd of,
The habit of false thinking or ill deed
Has fitted to his shape. But the poor man,
The hunted soul, who has no moreover,
Where Sin is not at home, who ~~can~~ t' escape
Who hates + yet inclines, + desperate
Hath doth on Grace to save him from the thing
+ is it himself? - that stoppeth him; who has no place
To abide; but when, of tears + cryings brought
Into the place of peace there is the King.
~~He~~ doth thinking to remain, doth let him own
To dwell at ease, sudden doth find him self
In outer darkness, under other rule;
Then painful winneth yet again to know
He was before, but not to abide; + jilling
Again over, but - ~~winneth~~ was cast! -
+ on ever a need to ~~winneth~~ be cast! -
Poor man! holds th' innocence, that winneth from
The face of a little child, a myriad
The deepest + most precious, bedeweth

12 p 84 mclia

of evil lives sinners like them of yore.—
But (save us Christ!) upon a day he comes,
To maid or child or man, and having won
The thought to staleance, ~~shows~~ ^{the} smotting,
Once seen, the phosphy thing ne'er vanishes.
But up and down goes with him as he goes,
Comments upon his talk, adjudges ~~just~~ ^{just},
Hinders his vision so men go to him
As trees without a pain or purpose; fronts
Him in his bed, and in his dreams lets be.

Behold the man who hath made an image
to him!
He calls it I - Yet how can I see I?
As self project itself, that so itself
Shall, eye glass raised, determine critical
The composition of the piece? Alas a lie!
The prouer image this who proues he is.
Observance, contemplation, service, price,
With worship more than these? Of these he pay,
As decked in braueries unmeed.
Drunken & shy he goes in th' early day,

17085. canto

Has some hand, misp'ring, hind
The exposed & shewer-betrayed
Vows of service, dreams of love-
Fastard, traitor thou shou'dst prove?
Let not thy heart be troubled;

'Thou believ'st in Gott's slack!
Speeds His judgment on thy track?
Conscious, shamed, thy soul doth tremble
By 'cleanes eyes' th' evil scann'st?
Let not thy heart be troubled;

12 p 86 m 10
Let not thy heart be troubled

Sick art thou with shame & pain
For thy friend hath sought in vain
Comfort of thy love - his part
Undiscern'd of slow of heart? -
Let not thy heart be troubled!

Saw it - thou, blinded of thy pride,
Call for never care beside
To thou hadst thy due - while he
Comfortless met agony? -
Let not thy heart be troubled!

Hast sin, potent, found thee out?
Trembling, seest thou about
In his toils - the dear, esteemed,
Hast thou hadst inviolable? -
Let not thy heart be troubled!

Closer draws he - now so weak -
Feilst his breath upon blanched cheek?
Is worst crime so awful nigh
Scared, thou doubtst, 'Is it I? -
Let not thy heart be troubled,

A Birthday Letter to Louise

My news is of a King - a King so sweet -
 That night she placed her low stool at His feet -
 And sit and watch His face the ^{womēd} day by day.
 'My happiest birthday this' at night She'd say.
 But this, for wisest reasons, may not be;
 At least not yet. A mighty King is He
 And everything He wishes He can do;
 So 'tis His pleasure oft to visit you.
 And every little child whose name He knows.
 But that you may be in your week-day clothes,
 And may behave as you do every day.
 And not for company your best display,
 He places His dear hand upon your eyes
 And holds them so - tho' things of shape and size
 You see quite well - you cannot tell when He
 Is standing by. And so your thoughts are free
 And He sees just what kind of child you are.

But there is more to tell & better far:
 You know He is a King, but ah, not proud!
 But palace bright where many servants crowd
 He chooses for His dwelling: the least room
 The tiniest house that anywhere can be
 A little maidens heart, is not too wee
 For Him to enter in & make His home.

12 p.m. ch. 10

You wonder that He can - the King may come,
Because He is so mighty, where He will:
And if you watch for Him, ^{your thoughts will} ~~He~~ ~~for~~ quite still
You'll oft find Some One good within your heart
Who makes you care to choose the better part,
To be a gentle, thoughtful, loving child,
Not selfish, disobedient, cross or wild.
And when He comes, He makes you face of fair,
Your friends are glad, and say, 'The King is there!'

Heaven
Watch for Him, Lucy, when your thoughts are still,
How well you know if Christ is in your heart;
He

clothes
my
play
eyes
are and like
when he
are free
you
far
roud!
crowd
can be
well
done
2 p.m. ch. 10

21/1/2017

I thought you know I had
in Germany if it was wanted
but I don't think so I have
to get the New York City
and have been trying to get
a boat ever since I came back
but I can't find one
There are not boats in New York
or anywhere else I think it's because

2018d-2

I

Together drawn of God, & dower'd with love,
Of souls that else had little common ground
In close community of life are bound:
And sweet the care that for each other prove,
And wish the thoughts that studies to remove
All stumbling blocks from paths together trod:
Thus do these souls grow daily like God,
Through much forbearance, thro' long-suffering kind,
Thro' self-repression, & the discipline
That borne for others, fits the perfect mind.
Yet-not-full easy to their feet these find
The appointed way; - through loneliness they win,
And bemoaning cry that some shd comprehend
Familiar, holy walk with Christ, their friend.

II

Natures were b^r of such sweet correspondence,
As several pieces deftly dove-tailed, they,
Once fitted, lock together: nor severance
In purpose, thought or will divides them way;
One impulse stirs the twin. See, heaven is this!
A heaven that of the Kingdom asks no bliss:
What need have I of Thee? The secret voice
Of hearts that bear Who takes, & but rejoice
In God the Giver. Ah, kind is the decree,
Tender the condemnation that ordains
No unworthy rest for these, but that they be
Of the Divider severed, till remains
No lust of self: then, sweetly knit, thou prove
Fullest of any souls, the Name of Love.

12 p 92 - cancio

Rebecca.

Mortals of later date, Rebecca thou!
Of mind more close anticipate the march,
And yet may'st reckon followers in the church!
With well-pleas'd acquiescence dost thou bow,
And, climbing to an equal height, allow
That wisdom wise whose depths thou seemst to search.
Nay, thou wouldest fain thyself dispossess the arch
Of God's high Providence: and yet avow,—
Arranging circumstance with subtle skill,
As tho' the end discern'd, the means thereto
Were all included in thy narrow view,—
Thy one desire, his counsel to fulfil.
Not thus His will is done: they serve Him best
Who wait His motions — in His working, rest!

TII